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Promises of the 25th

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A statue planted in the heart of your living room,
You command me to close my eyes.
The crisp evergreen mixed
with the shards of crinkled wrapping paper
Cannot disguise the peppermint knot in my throat.
Opening my eyes to a newfound life,
You are kneeling, cradling a
Cranberry red bulb in your hands,
A promise of mornings full of heavily creamed
coffee
And nights of home-cooked potato soup.
Congested laughs lift us up high,
And the taste of pink moscato waltzes across my
tongue in celebration.
Blue eyes and auburn hair and baby shoes
Float into my future and shake my roots.
Will I be the nurturer?
Will the ghost of my father on my shoulder
Whisper failure into existence?
Digging the grave of insecurities and burying my
fears
I will celebrate this season of life,
Because we are twenty-one
And bright-eyed
And full of pine needles
And tinsel
And drunk off of mistletoe.

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